

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXX.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Car of Juggernaut.



VOL. III.

S

LATE accounts from India state, that at the last procession of Juggernaut, there were scarcely persons sufficient to draw the Car; whereas, formerly, numbers were ready to throw themselves under its ponderous wheels, while the infatuated people threw cowries or small shells on their bodies. The temple is a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of the horrid king. As other temples are usually adorned with figures emblematical of their religion, so Juggernaut has representations, numerous and various, of that vice which constitutes the essence of HIS worship. The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture.

The grand Hindoo festival of the Rutt Jatra, takes place on the 18th of June, when the idol is to be brought forth to the people; but twelve or thirteen pilgrimages are made to it every year. It is calculated that the number who go thither is, on some occasions, 600,000 persons, and scarcely ever less than 100,000; and that at the lowest calculation in the year 1,200,000 persons attend. Now, if only one in ten died, the mortality caused by this one idol would be 120,000 in a year; but some are of opinion that not many more than one in ten survive, and return home again.

Dr. Claudius Buchanan who described many years in India, has fully described these horrible ceremonies. "We know," says he, "that we are approaching Juggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place, Buddruck, we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps 2,000 in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrim's Caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking *looseness*. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes I meet death in some shape or other. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck.

"Many thousands of pilgrims have ac-

companied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand, I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer gate of the town of Juggernaut: where a guard of soldiers is posted to prevent their entering the town, until they have paid the pilgrim's tax.—I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut by the length of his body, as a penance of merit to please the god.

"A disaster has just occurred at the outer gate of Juggernaut. — As I approached the gate, the pilgrims crowded from all quarters around me, and shouted, as they usually did when I passed them on the road, an expression of welcome and respect. I was a little alarmed at their number, and looked round for my guard. A guard of soldiers had accompanied me from Cuttack, the last military station; but they were now about a quarter of a mile behind, with my servants and the baggage. The pilgrims cried out that they were entitled to some indulgence, that they were poor, they could not pay the tax; but I was not aware of their design. At this moment, when I was within a few yards of the gate, an old Sanyas (or holy man), who had travelled some days by the side of my horse, came up and said, "Sir, you are in danger, the people are going to rush through the gate when it is opened for you." I immediately dismounted, and endeavoured to escape to one side; but it was too late. The mob was now in motion, and with a tumultuous shout pressed violently towards the gate. The guard within seeing my danger opened it, and the multitude rushing through, carried me forward in the torrent a considerable space, so that I was literally borne into Juggernaut by the Hindoos themselves. A distressing scene followed. As the number and strength of the mob increased, the narrow way was choked up by the mass of people; and I apprehended that many of them would have been suffocated, or hurled to death. My horse was yet among them. But suddenly one of the side posts of the gate, which was of wood, gave way and fell to the ground. And perhaps this circumstance alone prevented

the loss of lives. Notice of the event was immediately communicated to the superintendent of the temple, who repaired to the spot, and sent an additional guard to the inner gate, lest the people should force that also; for there is an outer and an inner gate to the town of Juggernaut; but both of them are slightly constructed. Mr. Hunter told me that similar accidents sometimes occur, and that many have been crushed to death by the pressure of the mob. He added, that sometimes a body of pilgrims, (consisting chiefly of women, and children, and old men,) trusting to the physical weight of their mass, will make, what he called, a charge on the armed guards, and overwhelm them; the guards not being willing, in such circumstances, to oppose their bayonets."

Dr. Buchanan himself saw, and thus describes the procession. "I have returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day (June 18th,) being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindostan was brought out of his temple, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance: all eyes were turned towards the place, and, behold, a *grove* advancing. A body of men, having green branches, or palms, in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again sent forth a voice 'like the sound of a great thunder.'—But the voices I now heard, were not those of melody or of joyful acclamation; for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. Their number indeed brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful Hosanna or Hallelujah; but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of *hissing* applause. I was at a loss how to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women; who emitted a sound like that of *whistling*, with the lips circular, and the tongue vibrating: as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

The throne of the idol is placed on a stupendous Car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply, as they turned

slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children pulled by each cable, crowding so closely that some could only use one hand. Infants are made to exert their strength in this office: for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne. I was told that there were about one hundred and twenty persons upon the Car altogether. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow colour. Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved.

"I went on in the procession, close by the tower of Moloch; which, as it was drawn with difficulty, grated on its many wheels harsh thunder. After a few minutes it stopped; and now the worship of the god began.—A high priest mounted the Car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who responded at intervals in the same strain. 'These songs,' said he, 'are the delight of the god.' His Car can only move when he is pleased with the song.' The Car moved on a little way, and then stopped. A boy of about twelve years was then brought forth to attempt something yet more lascivious, if peradventure the god would move. The 'child perfected the praise' of his idol with such ardent expression and gesture, that the god was pleased, and the multitude emitting a sensual yell of delight, urged the Car along. After a few minutes it stopped again. An aged minister of the idol then stood up, and with a long rod in his hand, which he moved with indecent action, completed the variety of this disgusting exhibition. I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing it. I was also somewhat appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle; I felt like a guilty person, on whom all eyes were fixed, and I was about to withdraw. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood. We have seen the former. Now comes the blood.

"After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the

idol. He laid himself down in the road, before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile, when the libation of blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time; and was then carried to a place a little way out of the town, called, by the English, Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen. There I have just been, viewing his remains.

"I beheld another distressing scene at the place of sculls,—a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead; and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said, 'they had no home, but where their mother was.' Oh, there is no pity at Juggernaut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom.

"As to the number of worshippers assembled here, at this time, no accurate calculation can be made. The natives themselves, when speaking of the numbers at particular festivals, usually say that a lack of people (100,000) would not be missed. I asked a Brahmin how many he supposed were present at the most numerous festival he had ever witnessed. 'How can I tell,' said he, 'how many grains there are in a handful of sand?'"

Our engraving contains a correct view of this death-dealing temple.

ON THE REVIVIFICATION OF ANIMALS.

(For the Mirror.)

IN No. 77 of the *Mirror*, under the above head, we mentioned that some of the minute objects of animated nature are capable of being preserved in a dry state for an indefinite length of time, liable to be revived at pleasure by being moistened with water; and we now offer, according to our promise, a few facts in illustration of this assertion.

There are numbers of the *animalcula infusoria*, those small microscopic objects that are observed in the watery extracts obtained from the infusion of most dry plants and many other substances, which are known to possess the property of being

many times revived, after having remained in an apparently lifeless, dry state for a considerable period. The most common animalcule procured from the paste of flour, possesses this quality. The *gordius*, or horse-hair eel, is also endowed with it: this, while it is in water, is one of the most restless of all animals, for in this state it never has been observed to be one single instant without motion of some sort; but, if the water be dried up, its slender body shrivels, and it soon loses every appearance of life: how long it might be preserved in this condition without extinction of life, or how often it might admit of being revived, has not been ascertained; but it is certain, that after being kept for a long time in a state of complete arefaction, upon being returned to its natural element, its body soon resumes its former appearance, it begins to move, and shortly becomes as brisk and as lively as ever.

A kind of disease sometimes prevails in wheat, which, in its character, differs wholly from smut, or rust. Grain thus affected, is denominated *rachitic*, or *rickety*. Water, when poured upon *rachitic* wheat, soon moistens it, and brings to life, in various stages of their growth, numbers of eel-shaped animals, which had there taken up their residence, while the grain was yet in its succulent state, and thus occasioned the disease. As the grain ripened, these animalcules were arrested in their progress, life was totally suspended, and their destructive operations upon the corn of course obstructed so long as it remained dry. No sooner, however, does this grain become soft, in consequence of being moistened with water (whether after being sown in the ground or otherwise), than these creatures are restored to life and activity; they feed upon the grain while it is moist, and, if not impeded by another denaturation, quickly lay their eggs (for they are oviparous) and go through the ordinary evolutions of nature. The young, when hatched in the corn that was sowed, after living upon it for some time, begin to eat their way up the growing stalk, and establish themselves at length in the grain itself while it is advancing towards maturity, where they are interrupted in their course in the manner already described, when it is fully ripened.

This instance is attended with a greater degree of certainty than is that which precedes it, with regard to the length of time that the animalcule can be preserved alive in a quiescent, dried state, for the experiment is stated to have been tried for nearly thirty years, after the lapse of which period, the animalcule of the

rachitic wheat was found to revive as readily as if its vital functions had been thus suspended only for one day.

One other instance shall suffice. In this, nature evinces a still more extraordinary mode than any we have yet noticed of suspending animal life, and preserving existence in an inert state. Among the *animalcula infusoria* has been discovered one which, from its having the power of exhibiting the appearance of a kind of rotatory motion, by means of certain organs placed on each side of its head resembling a pair of wheels, has been denominated the wheel insect.* This little creature may generally be found in any pool of water on the tops of houses, or otherwise, wherever a cavity (in lead especially) is to be met with. When a drop of this water is placed on the glass of the microscope, the animalcule, which is capable of assuming a considerable diversity of forms, is seen moving about with great activity. But, in proportion as the water evaporates, it contracts itself more and more, shrivels up, and becomes, when dry, like a piece of parchment. It, however, is not dead. In this state it may be preserved for many years without suffering the smallest change; being moistened with water, it will resume its pristine form, and after a while becomes as lively and active as ever. The experiment in this case is represented to have been carried so far, as to deaden and revive the insect eleven times, and there was then no appearance of the vital powers being nearly exhausted.

It is worthy of remark, that if this creature be put into pure water, and that water be once evaporated, it dies entirely, and can be revived no more. For the preservation of its life, a little earth must of necessity be mixed with the water; it then buries itself in the mud, and when thus dried, and only thus, it acquires the faculty of that species of immortality which we have noticed. Mixed with the dust in the form of an imperceptible atom, it is blown about by the winds, and though it be deposited upon the tops of houses, and exposed to ardent heat, or severe cold, its existence is not thereby endangered. It is stated to have been, for the sake of experiment, subjected while in this state to a heat of fifty-six degrees on Reaumur's thermometer, and to a cold of nineteen, after which it was equally susceptible of revivification as in any other case. It is only in its torpid condition, however, that it can bear these extraordinary vicissitudes; while in its live state, if the water in which it swims

be exposed to a very moderate degree of heat, or cold, it is effectually killed.

Many more instances of this kind might be adduced; but it is enough to have mentioned these few, as examples of the means that have been adopted by the Almighty Creator of all things, for preserving animal life under circumstances which usually prove destructive to it. Vegetable life has been found in several cases to be governed by similar laws; but, lest our article should become too lengthy, we shall for the present close the subject (which we may possibly resume at a future opportunity) exclaiming with the Psalmist, "O Lord, great are the wonderful works which thou hast done."

LIOLETT. †

† This signature was printed by mistake, in No. 77, *Liolett*.

Erratum. No. 77, page 213, column 1, line 27, for *dissection* read *dedication*.

THE TEMPLE OF BELUS, AND HANGING-GARDENS OF BABYLON.

THE temple of Belus and Hanging-Gardens, were the great works of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. The wonderful tower that stood in the middle of the temple, is said to have been built many ages before his time; that, and the famous tower of Babel, being, as is commonly supposed, one and the same structure. This tower is believed to have been composed of eight pyramidal ones raised one above the other, and by Herodotus, said to have been a furlong in height; but, as there is an ambiguity in his expression, it has been disputed whether each of the towers was a furlong in length, or the whole of them taken together. Even on the latter supposition, it must have exceeded the highest of the Egyptian pyramids by 179 feet, though it fell short of its breadth at the base by 33. The way to go up was by stairs on the outside round it; whence it seems most likely, that the whole ascent was, by the benching in, drawn in a sloping line from the bottom to the top eight times round it; and that this made the appearance of eight towers, one above the other. Till the time of Nebuchadnezzar, it is thought by some that this tower was all the temple of Belus; but he made great additions, by erecting vast edifices round it, in a square of two furlongs, on every side, and a mile in circumference, which exceeded the square at the temple of Jerusalem by 1800 feet. Nothing was more wonderful at Babylon than the Hanging-Gardens, which Nebuchadnezzar made in complaisance to his wife Amyitis; who,

* The *Forficella Rotatoria* of Muller.

being a Mede, and retaining a strong inclination for the mountains and forests of her own country, was desirous of having something like them at Babylon. They are said to have contained a square of four plethra, or 400 feet, on each side; and to have consisted of terraces one above another carried up to the height of the wall of the city, which was 350 feet, the ascent from terrace to terrace being by steps ten feet wide. The whole pile consisted of substantial arches upon arches, and was strengthened by a wall surrounding it on every side, twenty-two feet thick; and the floors on each of them were laid in this order: first, on the tops of the arches was laid a pavement of stones sixteen feet long, and four feet broad; over this was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen; over this, two courses of brick, closely cemented together with plaster; over all these were thick sheets of lead, and on these the earth or mould of the garden. This flooring was designed to retain the moisture of the mould; which was so deep, as to give root to the greatest trees which were planted upon every terrace, together with a great variety of other vegetables pleasing to the eye. Upon the uppermost of these terraces was a reservoir, supplied by a certain engine with water from the river, from whence the gardens on the other terraces were supplied. Yet it is the opinion of some authors, these Hanging-Gardens never existed. The silence of Herodotus on a work so singular and so remarkable, seems to render the accounts of other writers fabulous. Herodotus had carefully visited Babylon; he enters into such details as prove that he has omitted none of the rarities of that city. Can it be presumed, that he would have passed over in silence such a work as the Hanging-Gardens? All the authors who have spoken of it are of much later date than this great historian; not one of them except Berosus speaks on his own testimony.

THE ORPHAN AND LORD LINSEY- WOLSEY.

"PRY my Lord, the wretched plight
Of a lone orphan, faint and weary,
No home by day, no bed by night,
Exposed to tempests wild and weary;

"I have no friend—I have no food,
Alas! I know not where to wander;
But I was told you folks were good,
Who roll in wealth and shine in grandeur;

"Young gipsy, if your tale be true,
Say—where your parents life departed?"

"My father died at Waterloo,
My mother droop'd quite broken-hearted.

"She sought my sire among the dead,
And sunk upon his bosom gory."
"Oh—if they died on honour's bed,
My child, they're covered o'er with glory!"

"And what is glory my good Lord?
Will it relieve the orphan's hunger?
A shelter, food and clothes afford?
O say—or I can't live much longer?"

"The Nation, child, will see you fed,
Posterity will learn your story;
Your parents died in honour's bed—
And they are covered o'er with glory."

He said—and with a hasty pace
From the lone orphan whistling parted,
The tears bedew'd her pallid face—
And down she sunk—half broken-hearted;

Then to her aid a soldier flew,
Who had o'erheard her artless story,
He knew her Sire at Waterloo:
And saw him covered o'er with glory!

"Come orphan to my arms," he cried,
"And I will screen thee from the weather
Close to my side, thy parents died,
And for their sakes we'll lodge together;

I have a pension and a cot,
Where thou shalt live till I am hoary—
Here, wrap thee in this old watch-coat—
'Tis warmer than his Lordship's glory!"

THE CLOCK AND CLOCK-HOUSE AT STRASBURG.

[In No. 77 of the *Mirror*, we gave an engraving of the celebrated clock at Strasburg, with a brief description of this great curiosity. The following more detailed, though somewhat antiquated, description is furnished by a correspondent; and although in our former notice we quoted part of it, we now subjoin the whole.—Ed.]

HEREIN nine things are to be considered, whereof eight are in the wall; the ninth (and that the most wonderful) stands on the ground three feet from the wall. This is a great globe of the heavens, perfectly described, in which are three motions; one of the whole globe, which displays the whole heavens, and moves about from the east to the west in twenty-four hours; the second is of the sun, which runs through the signs there described, once every year; the third is of the moon, which runs her course in twenty-eight days. So that in this globe you may view the motions of the whole heavens, the motions of the sun and moon, every minute of an hour, the rising and falling of every star, (amongst which stars are the makers of this work Dassi-podius and Wolkinstenius) described! The instruments of these motions are hid in the body of a pelican, which is portrayed under the globe. The pole is lifted up to the elevation of Strasburg, and noted by a fair star made of brass; the zenith is declared by an angel placed in the midst of the meridian. The second

thing to be observed (which is the first on the wall) are two great circles one within another, the one eight feet, the other nine feet broad; the outmost moves from the north to the south once in a year, and hath two angels—one on the north-side which points every day in the week; the other, on the south-side, which points what day shall be one half year after. The inner circle moves from south to north, once in a hundred years, and hath many things described about it; as the year of the world, the year of our Lord, the circle of the sun, the processions of equinoctials, with the change of the celestial points, which things fall out by the motions which are called trepidations; the leap-year, the moveable feasts and the dominical letter, or golden number, as it turns every year. There is an immoveable index, which encloses for every year, all these things within it; the lower part of which index is joined to another round circle which is immoveable! wherein the province of Alsatia is fairly described and the city of Strasburg. On both sides of the circles, on the wall, the eclipses of the sun and moon are, which are to come for many years, even so many as the wall might contain. The third thing, a little above this, is a weekly motion of the planets, as they name the day; as on Sunday, the sun is drawn about in his chariot, accordingly as the day is spent; and so drawn into another place, that before he be full in, you have Monday, that is the moon clear forth, and the horses of Mars' chariot putting forth their heads: and so it is for every day in the week. On this side there are nothing but dumb pictures to garnish the wall. The fourth thing is a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you see every minute pass. Two beautiful pictures of two children, are joined to either side of this: he on the north-side hath a sceptre in his hand, and when the clock strikes, he orderly tells every stroke; he on the south-side hath an hour glass in his hand, which runs just with the clock, and when the clock hath struck, he turns his glass. The first thing above the minute dial is a dial for the hour, containing the half-parts also: the outmost circumference contains the hours; but within it is a curious and perfect astrolabe, whereby is shewn the motion of every planet, his aspect, and in what sign, what degree, and what hour, every one is in every hour of the day: the opposition likewise of the sun and moon, and the head and tail of the dragon. And because the night darkens not the sun, nor the day the moon, or other planets, therefore, their courses are here exactly

seen at all times. The sixth thing is a circle, wherein are the two signs of the moon's rising and falling; at two hollow places it is seen at what state she is; and her age is declared by an index, which is wholly turned about once in every month. The seventh thing consists of four little bells, whereon the quarters of the hour are struck; at the first quarter comes forth a little boy, and strikes the first bell with an apple, and so goes and stays at the fourth bell, until the next quarter; then comes a lusty youth, and he with a dart strikes two bells, and succeeds into the place of the child; at the third comes forth a man in arms, with a halbert in his hand, and strikes three bells, he succeeds into the place of the youth; at the fourth quarter, comes an old man with a staff, having a crook at the end, and he with much ado, being old, strikes the four bells, and stands at the fourth quarter, until the next quarter: immediately to strike the clock comes death in a room above the others, for this is the eighth thing: and this understand, that at each quarter he comes forth, to catch each of those former ages away with him; but at a contrary side, in the same room where he is, comes forth Christ and drives him in: but when the last quarter is heard, Christ gives him leave to go to the bell, which is in the midst, and so he strikes with his bone, according to the hour; and he stands at the bell, as the old man doth at his quarter bell, till the next quarter, and then they go in both together. The ninth and last thing in this right line, is the tower at the top of the work, wherein is a noble, pleasant chime, which goes at three, seven, and eleven o'clock, each time a different tune; and at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, a thanksgiving unto Christ: and when this chime has done, the cock (which stands on the top of the tower, and the north-side of the main work,) having stretched out his neck, shook his comb, and clapped his wings twice, crows twice, and this he doth so shrill, and naturally, as would make any man wonder; and if they chose, who attend the clock, they can make him crow more times. In this tower, are conveyed all the instruments of these motions, which are in the aforesaid things.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE Tower of London is not only a citadel to defend and command the city, river, &c. but also a royal palace, where our kings with their courts have sometimes lodged. It contains a royal arsenal,

wherein are arms and ammunition for eighty thousand men; the offices of ordnance; a treasury for the jewels and ornaments of the crown; a mint for coining money, though lately a separate building has been erected for the purpose; the great archive, wherein are contained all the ancient records of the courts of Westminster, &c.; and is the chief prison for state criminals. In the midst of it is the great square white tower, built by William the conqueror, about the year 1079. Within the tower is a parochial church, founded by King Edward III. and dedicated in the name of St. Peter in chains, exempt from all jurisdiction of the archbishop, and a royal chapel now disused.

The chief officer of the tower is a constable, or chief governor, with an annual salary of 1,000*l.*, under whom is the lieutenant-governor, who acts by his direction, and in his absence. He has, by grant of several of our kings, *unam lagenam*, two gallons and a pint of wine before, and as much behind the masts of all wine-ships that come to the port of London, and a certain quantity out of every boat laden with lobsters, oysters, and other shell-fish, and double the quantity out of every alien's boat passing by the tower. His salary is 200*l.* per annum, and his perquisites are large, which make his appointment 700*l.* a-year.

His usual fee for every prisoner on making his entry is 20*l.*, and 3*l.* a-week for an earl; 5*l.* for a knight; and for a baron, 50*l.* on his entry, to whom the king allows 10*l.* weekly, two-parts of which go to the prisoner, and a third to the lieutenant for lodging and diet, and 50*l.* to the lieutenant on the prisoner's discharge. Under the constable, besides the lieutenant, are the deputy lieutenant, at 365*l.* per annum; a tower major, at 182*l.* 10*s.* per annum; a gentleman porter, at 84*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum; a gentleman gaoler at 70*l.* per annum; a surgeon at 45*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and forty warders, at fixed salaries. The gentleman porter has charge of the gates, to lock and unlock them, and deliver the keys every night to the constable or lieutenant, and receive them of him the next morning: he commands the warders in waiting, and receives, as his fee, from every prisoner, *vestimenta superiora*, or a composition for the same.

The gentleman gaoler has also 40*s.* for a gentleman, and 5*l.* for a knight.

In the tower is likewise kept a court of record by prescription, for the liberty of the tower, of debt, trespass, and other actions of any sum.

The tower liberty is subject to no jurisdiction, but to that of the tower itself;

it includes both the Tower-hills, part of East Smithfield, Rosemary-lane, Well-close-square, Little Minories, Artillery-street, French-alley, Duke-street, and the other courts and alleys within the compass in Spital-fields.

LECTOR SPECULI.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

A private Letter.

[AT a time when Algiers is blockaded, and may, perhaps, again be bombarded in order to bring the piratical Dey to his senses, the following humorous letter, descriptive of the Bombardment of Algiers in 1816, will be read with interest.—E.P.]

Queen Charlotte, August 29, 1816.

My dearest —, Turbans and trowsers are so like caps and petticoats, that you in England think the Turks and Moors are little better than old women. If you had seen them the day before yesterday, you would have had a different opinion of them. Without so much noise and jabbering, they were as active as Frenchmen, and, to do them justice, they pointed their guns with a coolness and precision that would not have disgraced any gentleman in cocked hats and pantaloons, as I think; as far as I could judge, there are few Christians who value their skins less than these Pagans. They say that they have a funny Paradise prepared for those who die in battle; some of the joys of this pretended Eden we hope to enjoy on our arrival at home; however, seven thousand of the poor Mahometans have got before us.

All the ships bore up, and took their places in the best order and the most gallant manner. It was, at least, as coolly and exactly performed as the famous review at Portsmouth, and I only wish that the Great Alexander, who, we are told, thinks we go snacks with the old Dey, had seen this review, instead of that. Not that he could have seen long or much, for after the firing once began, the little wind that there was, swooned away, as if for fear; and we were all covered by thick smoke, like twenty Vauxhalls at the end of the fire-works on a cloudy night. Our old Queen Charlotte was the Madame Saqui of the piece, and danced beautifully on the tight rope by which she was made fast to the mole. I dare say the Dey thinks we must be all *near-sighted*, for we seemed to think we never could get close enough. The old Lord was devilish polite; and though they say the first blow is half the battle, he gave this advantage to the pirates, who began firing just about two o'clock, as I have since heard, for I forgot to look at my watch. The position

of the Queen Charlotte was exactly at the entrance of the mole, where we had a complete prospect of what they used to call the marine. They must now find a new name for it, for they have no marine left. This enabled us to have a beautiful view of the commencement of the action. I cannot describe to you the immense crowd of men that covered the mole and all parts of the *marine*, they were as thick as hops; thicker I suppose than the hops are this year, unless the weather mended. Well, just as the old lady was going to let fly her broadside, the admiral, I suppose, had some pity on the poor devils; for he stood on the poop and motioned with his hand for them to get out of the way—but there was such a crowd that this was impossible, even if they had wished; but I don't suppose they understood what the admiral meant—at last, Fire! fire! fire—and bang; I think I saw five hundred or a thousand of them *bang* down in an instant. After that I did not see much, until our boats, taking pity on our darkness, set fire to a frigate close to us, just by way of light to see what we were doing. You talk of your fires in London, and of your engines and firemen; I wish we had had some of them, when this cursed frigate was blazing not fifty yards from our dwelling, which, being built of wood, with oakum for mortar, and fine verandas and balconies made of hemp and tow, was rather more in danger than one of your substantial brick messuages is, when the neighbour's house takes fire. The fact is, we were on fire, I believe, two or three times; but we were all so d—d cool that we put it out directly. The short and the long of my story is, that in six hours we knocked all their batteries and castles about their ears and eyes, like the last scene in Timour the Tartar. When we come home, it would save the public some cash, and give us a little employment, to hire us to clear away for the new street; we should have St. James's Market down in a twinkling; and I will venture to say the Dey's batteries looked as like a slaughter-house as any butcher's shop in the whole row.

All our gun-boats were numbered, and it was good fun to see how No. 8 would pull to get into the fire before No. 6; in fact they were all nobly conducted, and the only number which no body seemed to take care of was number one. For my own part I say this with an easier conscience, because I was obliged to stay on board; the boats were supposed to be such desperate work, that it required great interest to get into them. I never before so wished to be an *honourable*; however, I was forced to content myself

with the speaking trumpet, with the assistance of which I assure you, I sung out pretty well, though I can't say that it was to any great tune. You'll say, perhaps, that I am acting the *trumpeter* still.

Now the grief of the story is, that we had no officer killed, so no promotion; the Dey's balls seemed to have the navy list by heart, and took care to avoid every body who would have made a vacancy. The admiral had a sore dowsie on the chops, which did not, I believe, draw blood; if it did, he swabbed it up directly, without saying a word about it, though he must have had a good deal of *jaw* of his own, to have been able to stand such a thump.

I have written my paper full, and yet I believe I have told you little or nothing about the real battle; but the truth is, I saw but little of it. I was like the man in the play, who could not see the town for the houses; and Jonah in the whale's belly knew as much about a gale of wind, as a middy in a three-decker does of an action. But the best of the story is, and I must take a new sheet to tell it, that the Prometheus brought us two new midshipmen—funny little fellows; who do you think they were? The consul's wife and daughter. I wonder how they behaved in the action; I did not see them. The consul himself was in *iron* ashore. Now that it is all over, I wonder whether he'll thank us for teaching his wife to wear the breeches. He had a little child in the cradle, and the doctor promised to give it some dose that should make it lie quiet; and he engaged to bring it down in a basket like a roasting pig; but just as the poor doctor and his pig got to the last gate, the poor little devil began to squeak: so the Turks found out the whole affair, and clapped the doctor and three youngsters, and the boat's crew, into prison, as they do the old women about London, for child-stealing. The doctor, I hear, says, that it is the most surprising thing in the world that his drugs did not keep the child quiet, and indeed, I think so to: for, after taking these folk's stuffs, people are generally quiet enough. However, all's well that ends well; the Dey sent the child off next morning—we thought he must have a good force with him, when he could afford to send us the *infantry*.

God bless you, my dear; I have got a correct plan of the whole affair, which Jane may work into a sampler at Christmas: only mind, the Turks must be done in *worsted*. I hear our captain is going with despatches. I shall try to get this letter sent, to let you know that

I am alive and merry ; and now that you are sure of that, I'll tell you of a little so much I had, but its nothing at all, just like my letter. Our doctor you see, has no better success with me, than the *Pro-metheus* doctor with the little child, for he has not made me *quiet*. Again, God bless you.

I end this the 30th ; could you believe that so much nonsense could be written in twenty-four hours ? and with such a bad pen !

SNAGGS

ON THE SAYING FUND.

ZOUNDS ! Dame, do'ee look, here's a paper to read ;

'Twas at market-to-day that I had un-
'Tis all about saving our cash 'gainst we need,
And I don't think the scheme be a bad'un.

I wur gapping about at the market just so,
When a chap com'd towards me quite gally,
And, says he, " Master Snaggs, I've got summat
for you."

Snigs ! I thought to be sure 'twas a bailey.
Zo, I look'd first at him, and then I look'd round,
But thinks I, 'tis no use to outrun ye ;
So he ge'd me this here, and I very soon found
That he wur the man for my money.

But read it thyself, for I read it afore,
And I thinks 'tis a noble invention ;
For a man can't begin e'er too early to store,
Since a cure an't so good as prevention.

It this had but beer when we first begun,
What trouble and care had been sav'd us ;
The few pounds we had earn'd would have still
been at hand,

And not sent to the rogue who beknar'd us.
Then a shilling or so, it is easily spar'd,
If a body will only be thrifty ;
And then in a trice a few pounds are up-rear'd
To a hundred, or hundred and fifty.

There's those boys there—sounds ! once a fort-
night or so,
If they only begin with a shilling,
And then, by and by, put another or two,
And the bag will be always a filling.

Tho' our young days be gone, why 'tis never too
late

To be wise,—and so, Dame, I shall enter
My name on their books, and contentedly wait,
Nor dread the result of the venture.

When how pleasing 'twill be so to see a small
sum,

In a year or two mount to a treasure,
Which is always increasing when once 'tis begun
Without fear of a hole in the measure.

No, no : 'twill be safe—the Conductors be men
Upon whom we may place all reliance ;
So my money I'll take 'em on Monday, and then
Get all trouble and risk at defiance.

THE DREAM OF BORRERAY.

In the fifteenth century, Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, invaded the island of Mull with a large force ; and Maclean, the chief of that clan, being taken by surprise, was not prepared to resist his

powerful enemy in the field. He therefore retired, and took up a very strong position near a place called Leekalee, on the western side of Benmore, the loftiest mountain of that mountainous island. The Lord of the Isles encamped by the sea-side below the men of Mull.

Maclean, of Borreray, was a vassal of Macdonald, and attended his superior on this expedition with all his people. He was a man of great prudence, and stood very high in the esteem of his Lord, who was accustomed to consult him on all important occasions. Every attempt to compromise the feud having failed, the Lord of the Isles announced his resolution to attack the Macleans on the following morning. His men were brave and numerous, but the advantage of the ground which his enemies occupied, gave them every chance of success ; and there could be no doubt that the Macdonalds must suffer severe loss, whatever the ultimate result might be.

Situated as Borreray was, it did not become him directly to oppose the attack ; but availing himself of the credulity and superstition so prevalent in that age, he adopted a more effectual means of preventing the destruction of his mutual friends, and it deserves to be recorded to his honour.

On the morning of the intended battle, Borreray was summoned to council at a very early hour, and he appeared extremely dejected. Macdonald observed this, and remarking that it must naturally be distressing to his feelings to be engaged against his own clan, he kindly entreated that Borreray should take charge of a body of men intended for a reserve. The other thanked the Lord of the Isles, but declined the favour ; and assured his superior that though he felt much reluctance to spill the blood of his clansmen, that was by no means the chief cause of his sorrow. The Lord of the Isles requested to know what other cause he could have, and Maclean appeared very averse from disclosing it ; but he at last informed Macdonald that he had a dream the preceding night, which gave him great alarm. In his sleep he had been visited by a supernatural being, which haunted to him some verses, which may be translated as follows :—

"Thou dark and dismal Leekalee,
The fatal fight befalls on thee ;
The race of Gillean shall prevail,—
The stranger's strength this day shall fall.

The lofty, towering Garnydh
Shall yield the eagles plenteous food ;
Ere swords to their black sheaths return,
The Red Knight's blood shall stain the burn."

These words are much more expressive in the original Gaelic. When Borreray had told this story and recited these lines in the presence of the leaders of the Macdonalds, they all declared their determination not to attack the enemy.

Thus Maclean of Borreray, with great satisfaction, effected his judicious and humane purpose; and the Lord of the Isles left Mull without bloodshed.

ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.

THE musicians of Prince Esterhazy, having had some altercation with the officers of his household, threatened to quit his service, which was permitted, from a conviction that they would soon change their humour. The day, however, of their departure was fixed, and the evening previous to their performing the last concert with which they were to entertain the Prince, the celebrated Haydn composed, for that occasion, a symphony, the conclusion of which was of an extraordinary nature; being an *adagio* in which each instrument played alternately, a *solo*. At the finale of each part, Haydn wrote these words, "*put out your candle, and go about your business.*" In fact, the premier *hautbois* and the second *French-horn* retired first; after them the second *hautbois* and the first *horn*; then the *bassoons*, and so on with the rest of the performers; until there were left behind only two *violins* to finish the symphony. The Prince, all amazement, inquired of Haydn the meaning of an occurrence so singular, Haydn replied, that the musicians were going away, and that their carriages were at the door waiting for them. The Prince had the generosity to fetch them back: he reproached them feelingly upon the manner in which they were going to desert so good a master: they threw themselves at his feet, and again entered his service.

At an Oratorio in the Old Music Hall at Paris, some years since, the symphony, with all its pantomime, was performed to the great diversion of the public. Solo.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Down Dee-side came Inveraye,
Whistling and playing,
And called loud at Brackley gate
Ere the day dawning:

"Come Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down:
There's a sword at your threshold
Nair sharp than your own.

"Arise, now, gay Gordon,
His lady 'gan cry,
"Look here is bold Inveraye
Driving your kye."
"How can I go, lady,
And win thoum agen?
I have but ae sword,
And rude Inveraye ten."

"Arise up, my maidens,
With roke and with fan;
How blest'd would I been
Had I married a man!
Arise up, my maidens,
Take spear and take sword--
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I shall be Lord."

The Gordon sprung up
With his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword,
And his thigh on his steed;
And he stoop'd low and said,
As he kiss'd his young dame,
"There's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame."

There rode with Serec Inveraye
Thirty and three;
But w! Brackley were none,
Save his brother and he;
Two gallanter Gordons
Did never blade draw,
Against swords four and thirty,
Woe is me what is twa.

W! swords and w! daggers
They rush'd on him rude;
The twa bonnie Gordons
Lie bathed in their blade.
Frae the source of the bee,
To the mouth of the Spey,
The Gordons mourn for him,
And curse Inveraye.

O! were ye at Brackley?
And what saw you there?
Was his young widow weeping
And tearing her hair?
I look'd in at Brackley,
I look'd in, and, O!
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe.

As a rose bloom'd the lady,
And blythe as a bride;
As a bridegroom, bold Inveraye
Smiled by her side;
O! she feasted him there
As she ne'er feasted lori,
While the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword.

In her chamber she kept him
Till morning grew gray,
Through the dark woods of Brackley
She show'd him the way:
"Yon wild hill," she said,
"Where the sun's shining on,
Is the hill of Glentanar,
Now kiss and begone."

There is grief in the cottage,
There's mirth in the ha',
For the good gallant Gordon
That's dead and awa';
To the bush comes the bud,
And the flower to the plain,
But the good and the brave
They come never again.

London Magazine.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

SOUTH SEA COMPANY— BUBBLES.*

THE South Sea Company is one of the most inert trading corporations in the metropolis, and remains torpid while all around it is life and animation. It was established by act of parliament, in the year 1711, under the title of "The Company of Merchants of Great Britain, trading to the South Seas and other parts of America, and for encouraging the Fishery." But although it thus appeared a commercial body, yet its operations were principally financial, and have long been wholly so. It had its origin in the arrears due to the army and navy, which exceeded nine millions; this the South Sea Company agreed to pay off, and advancing an additional sum of upwards of 800,000*l.*, which made the whole loan to Government ten millions; credit was given to that amount, and the interest fixed at 600,000*l.* a-year.

As this measure had been executed with success, and the value of South Sea stock had advanced above par, the directors made a proposal to government, which under more favourable circumstances might have proved equally beneficial, since the plan has been partly acted upon by the present ministers in the reduction of the 4 per cent. stock. The plan of the directors of the South Sea Company was, to be allowed to purchase at different periods, the whole of the funded debts of the crown, and by reducing the rate of interest, to render the capital more easily redeemable. The debts thus agreed to be purchased amounted to 31,064,551*l.* 1*s.* 14*d.* For the privilege of adding this to their capital stock, and for some exclusive advantages to be gained by a treaty with Spain, the directors agreed to advance to government 7,723,600*l.* So immense a sacrifice for a benefit that under any circumstances did not seem to warrant it, had, however, a very contrary effect to what might have been expected. The directors had calculated on gaining one per cent. by receiving five per cent. on the capital from government, and paying only four per cent. to the fundholders; they further anticipated, that the new

stock would bear a high premium; and so indeed it did, for no sooner had parliament passed an act, empowering the directors to raise the money necessary for so great an undertaking, than the company's stock began rapidly to advance. The act authorised the directors "to open books of subscription, and grant annuities to such public creditors as were willing to exchange the security of the crown for that of the South Sea Company, with the advantages of sharing in the emoluments that might arise from their commerce."

The public, not then so familiar with a national debt, as they have since become, had seen, that while the debts due to the army and navy rested with the government, the seamen's tickets, a substitute for money, were sold at a loss of 40 or 50 per cent.: they had also seen, that no sooner had the South Sea Company guaranteed those debts than they were liquidated; and they felt the utmost confidence in the plan,—so much so, that before the bill received the royal assent, South Sea Stock had risen to above 300 per cent.

The promoters of the scheme are said to have exaggerated the profits; rumours were at the same time circulated, that the company, by monopolizing the whole of the national funds, would reduce government to the necessity of taking loans for them on their own terms, and that by their wealth they would possess such influence in parliament as to be able to depose ministers when they pleased, and remodel the government at their own pleasure. The public, intoxicated with these ideas, purchased with avidity; and the stock, which at Christmas, 1719, was only 126, rose at the opening of the first subscription, on the 14th of April, to above 326*l.*: thus the creditors of the nation made over a debt for 100*l.* for 32*l.* in South Sea Stock. As the frenzy spread, and the desire of making rapid fortunes became contagious, the stock successively rose to above 1,000 per cent., at which price the books were opened for the fourth subscription on the 24th of August; and this subscription, notwithstanding the market price of the established stock was 800, was sold the same day at a premium of 30 or 40 per cent.

Although this excessively rapid rise was excited by various exaggerated statements of imaginary advantages—of valuable acquisitions in the South Seas, and hidden treasures to be found by the adventurers, yet the public did not altogether go unwarned of the futility of their hopes; and a ballad written on the subject thus alludes to the Utopian dreams of the speculators:—

* The present rage for speculation in new schemes will, no doubt, render the above interesting account of the bubbles of a former age acceptable to our readers.—Ed. MIRROR.

"What need have we of Indian wealth;
Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours."

"Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds—
They bring us wealth 'tis granted;
But lodge their treasures in the clouds,
To hide it till it's wanted."

Whether the directors had deliberately planned the delusion on the public, or only profited by it when they saw the opportunity, there is no doubt that they resorted to desperate means to keep it up, nor had the bubble burst when it did, but that their cupidity like "vaulting ambition" overleaped itself. The South Sea scheme had become so contagious, that the whole nation was infected, and became a body of stock jobbers and projectors. Every day produced some project; and whether it was for "fattening hogs," "importing asses from Spain, in order to improve the breed of mules," "raising silk-worms," "insuring masters from the loss sustained by servants," "rendering quick-silver malleable," or "fishing for wrecks on the Irish coasts," (and these were but a few out of 300 projects equally ridiculous), subscriptions were soon raised, and the stock sold at a premium.

Fortunately for the nation, the South Sea Directors took the alarm, and these delusive projects received their first check from the power to which they owed their birth. Jealous of their success, and desirous to monopolise all the money of the speculators, the directors obtained writs of *scire facias* against the conductors of bubbles, and thus put an end to them. But in thus opening the eyes of the deluded multitude, they took away the main prop of their own tottering edifice—the bubble burst,—South Sea Stock fell as rapidly as ever it rose: and in a few weeks sunk from 1,100, which it had reached, to 135. The distress occasioned by such fluctuations was dreadful: government was compelled to interfere, and the public voice called loudly for redress from the directors. An investigation was instituted in parliament, and the conduct of the directors being condemned, a considerable portion of their estates was confiscated, to the amount of 2,014,000*l.* The property confiscated belonging to the directors varied from 68,000 to 233,000*l.*, and to each was allowed for subsistence a sum varying from 5,000 to 50,000*l.* according to their supposed delinquency.

Numerous are the anecdotes connected with this fatal speculation. The story of the poor maniac "Tom of Ten Thousand," who lost his whole fortune and his reason too by the South Sea scheme, is well known, as is that of Eustace Budgell.

Others, though less melancholy, are worth recording. A tradesman at Bath, who had invested his only remaining fortune in this stock, finding it had fallen from 1,000 to 900, left Bath with an intention to sell out. On reaching town it had fallen to 250; he thought the price too low, would not sell, and lost his all. The Duke of Chandos, who had 300,000*l.* in this stock, was advised by the Duke of Newcastle to sell all, or at least a part; but he anticipated it would bring him half a million: he delayed, and lost every shilling. Gay, the poet, had 1,000*l.* stock given him by the elder Seraggis, postmaster-general, which, added to the stock he had previously purchased, amounted to 20,000*l.* He consulted his friends: and Dr. Arbuthnot advised him to sell out, but he hesitated, and lost every shilling. Others were, however, more fortunate. The guardians of Sir Gregory Page Turner, then a minor, had purchased stock for him very low, and sold it out when it had reached its maximum, to the amount of 200,000*l.* With this sum Sir Gregory built his fine mansion on Blackheath, and purchased 300 acres of land for a park. Two maiden sisters, whose stock had accumulated to 20,000*l.* sold out when the South Sea Stock was at 970. The broker whom they employed advised them to re-invest their money in navy bills, which were at the time at a discount of 25 per cent.; they took his advice, and two years afterwards received their money at par.

Thousands of persons were, however, totally ruined by this speculation, which occasioned a dreadful panic in the country, and had it not been for the prudent conduct of Walpole, might have been productive of the most fatal consequences.

The present South Sea Company, which is managed by a governor, sub-governor, and 21 directors, annually elected, has no trade, although, when its capital was funded in 1753, one-fourth was reserved as a trading capital stock. The amount of the funded capital in South Sea Stock and Annuities, on the 5th of January, 1123, amounted to 12,192,580*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* —*Percy Histories, Part V.*

NEW YORK THEATRE.

By WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

My last communication mentioned my visit to the theatre; the remarks it contained were chiefly confined to the play and the actors; I shall now extend them to the audience, who, I assure you, furnish no inconsiderable part of the entertainment.

As I entered the house sometime before the curtain rose, I had sufficient leisure

to make sotte observations. I was much amused with the waggery and humour of the gallery, which, by the way, is kept in *excellent* order by the constables who are stationed there. The noise in this part of the house is somewhat similar to that which prevailed in Noah's Ark; for we have an imitation of the whistles and yells of every kind of animal. This, in some measure, compensates for the want of music, as the gentlemen of our orchestras are very economic of their favours. Somehow or another, the anger of the gods seemed to be aroused all of a sudden, and they commenced a discharge of apples, nuts, and gingerbread, on the heads of the honest folks in the pit, who had no possibility of retreating from this new kind of thunderbolts. I can't say but I was a little irritated at being saluted aside of my head with a rotten pippin; and was going to shake my cane at them, but was prevented by a decent-looking man behind me, who informed me that it was useless to threaten or expostulate. They are only *amusing themselves* a little at our expense, said he; sit down quietly and bend your back to it. My kind neighbour was interrupted by a hard, green apple that hit him between the shoulders—he made a wry face, but knowing it was all a joke, bore the blow like a philosopher. I soon saw the wisdom of this determination; a stray thunderbolt happened to light on the head of a little, sharp-faced Frenchman, dressed in a white coat and small cocked hat, who sat two or three benches a-head of me, and seemed to be an irritable little animal. Monsieur was terribly exasperated; he jumped upon his seat, shook his fist at the gallery, and swore violently in bad English. This was all nuts to his merry persecutors; their attention was wholly turned on him, and he formed their *target* for the rest of the evening.

I found the ladies in the boxes, as usual, studious to please; their charms were set off to the greatest advantage; each box was a little battery in itself, and they all seemed eager to outdo each other in the havoc they spread around. An arch glance in one box was rivalled by a smile in another, that smile by a simper in a third, and in a fourth a most bewitching languish carried all before it.

I was surprised to see some persons reconnoitring the company through spy-glasses; and was in doubt whether these machines were used to remedy deficiencies of vision, or whether this was another of the eccentricities of fashion. Jack Stylish has since informed me, that glasses were lately all *the go*; though hang it, says Jack, it is quite *out* at present; we used

to mount our glasses in *great snuff*, but since so many *tough jockies* have followed the lead, the bucks have all *cut* the custom. I give you, Mr. Editor, the account in my dashing cousin's own language. It is from a vocabulary I do not well understand.

I was considerably amused by the queries of the countryman mentioned in my last, who was now making his first visit to the theatre. He kept constantly applying to me for information, and I readily communicated, as far as my own ignorance would permit.

As this honest man was casting his eye round the house, his attention was suddenly arrested. And pray, who are these? said he, pointing to a cluster of young fellows. These, I suppose, are the critics, of whom I have heard so much. They have, no doubt, got together to communicate their remarks, and compare notes; these are the persons through whom the audience exercise their judgments, and by whom they are told when they are to applaud or to hiss. Critics! ha! ha! my dear Sir, they trouble themselves as little about the elements of criticism, as they do about other departments of science and belles-lettres. These are the beaux of the present day, who meet here to lounge away an idle hour, and play off their little impertinencies for the entertainment of the public. They no more regard the merits of the play, nor of the actors, than my cane. They even *strive* to appear inattentive; and I have seen one of them perched on the front of the box with his back to the stage, sucking the head of his stick, and staring vacantly at the audience, insensible to the most interesting specimens of scenic representation, though the tear of sensibility was trembling in every eye around him. I have heard that some have even gone so far in search of amusement, as to propose a game of cards in the theatre, during the performance. The eyes of my neighbour sparkled at this information—his cane shook in his hand—the word *puppies* burst from his lips. Nay, says I, I don't give this for absolute fact: my cousin Jack was, I believe, *quixxing* me (as he terms it) when he gave me the information. But you seem quite indignant, said I, to the decent-looking man in my rear. It was from him the exclamation came: the honest countryman was gazing in gaping wonder on some new attraction. Believe me, said I, if you had them daily before your eyes, you would get quite used to them. Use to them, replied he; how is it possible for people of sense to relish such conduct? Bless you, my friend,

people of *senas* have nothing to do with it; they merely endure it in silence. These young gentlemen live in an indulgent age. When I was a young man, such tricks and follies were held in proper contempt. Here I went a little too far; for, upon better recollection, I must own that a lapse of years has produced but little alteration in this department of folly and impertinence. But do the ladies admire these manners? Truly, I am not as conversant in female circles as formerly; but I should think it a poor compliment to my fair countrywomen, to suppose them pleased with the stupid stare and cant phrases with which these votaries of fashion add affected to real ignorance.

Our conversation was here interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Now for the play, said my companion. No, said I, it is only for the musicians. These worthy gentlemen then came crawling out of their holes, and began, with very solemn and important phizzes, strumming and tuning their instruments in the usual style of discordance, to the great *entertainment* of the audience. What tune is that? asked my neighbour, covering his ears. This, said I, is no tune; it is only a pleasing *symphony*, with which we are regaled as a preparative. For my part, though I admire the effect of contrast, I think they might as well play it in their cavern under the stage. The bell rung a second time—and then began the tune in reality; but I could not help observing, that the countryman was more diverted with the queer grimaces and contortions of countenance exhibited by the musicians, than their melody. What I heard of the music, I liked very well (though I was told by one of my neighbours, that the same pieces had been played every night for these three years); but it was often overpowered by the gentry in the gallery, who vociferated loudly for *Moll in the Wad*, and several other airs more suited to their tastes.

I observed that every part of the house has its different department. The good folks of the gallery have all the trouble of ordering the music (their directions, however, are not more frequently followed than they deserve.) The mode by which they issue their mandates is stamping, hissing, roaring, whistling; and, when the musicians are refractory, groaning in cadence. They also have the privilege of demanding a *bow* from *John* (by which name they designate every servant at the theatre, who enters to move a table or snuff a candle); and of detecting those cunning dogs who peep from behind the curtain.

A BRAZILIAN AMAZON.

DONNA MARIA DE JESUS, the young woman who has lately distinguished herself in the war of the Reconcave wears the dress of a soldier of one of the emperor's battalions, with the addition of a tartan kilt, which she told me she had adopted from a picture representing a highlander, as the most feminine military dress. What would the Gordons and Mac Donalds say to this? The "garb of old Gaul," chosen as a womanish attire!—Her father is a Portuguese, named Gonsalvez de Almeida, and possesses a farm on the Rio do Pex, in the parish of San José, in the Certao, about forty leagues in-land from Cachoeira. Her mother was also a Portuguese; yet the young woman's features, especially her eyes and forehead, have the strongest characteristics of the Indians. Her father has another daughter by the same wife; since whose death he has married again, and the new wife and the young children have made home not very comfortable to Donna Maria de Jesus. The farm of the Rio do Pex is chiefly a cattle farm, but the possessor seldom knows or counts his numbers. Senhor Gonsalvez, besides his cattle, raises some cotton; but as the Certao is sometimes a whole year without rain, the quantity is uncertain. In wet years he may sell 400 arrobas, at from four to five milrees; in dry seasons he can scarcely collect above sixty or seventy arrobas, which may fetch from six to seven milrees. His farm employs twenty-six slaves.

The women of the interior spin and weave for their household, and they also embroider very beautifully. The young women learn the use of fire-arms, as their brothers do, either to shoot game or defend themselves from the wild Indians.

Donna Maria told me several particulars concerning the country, and more concerning her own adventures. It appears, that early in the late war of the Reconcave, emissaries had traversed the country in all directions, to raise patriot recruits; that one of these had arrived at her father's house one day about dinner time; that her father had invited him in, and that after their meal he began to talk on the subject of his visit. He represented the greatness and the riches of Brazil, and the happiness to which it might attain if independent. He set forth the long and oppressive tyranny of Portugal; and the meanness of submitting to be ruled by so poor and degraded a country. He talked long and eloquently of the services Don Pedro had rendered to Brazil; of his virtues, and those of the

empress; so that at last, said the girl, "I felt my heart burning in my breast." Her father, however, had none of her enthusiasm of character. He is old, and said he neither could join the army himself, nor had he a son to send thither; and as to giving a slave for the ranks, what interest had a slave to fight for the independence of Brazil? He should wait in patience the result of the war, and be a peaceable subject to the winner. Donna Maria stole from home to the house of her own sister, who was married, and lived at a little distance. She recapitulated the whole of the stranger's discourse, and said she wished she was a man, that she might join the patriots. "Nay," said the sister, "if I had not a husband and children, for one half what you say I would join the ranks for the emperor." This was enough. Maria received some clothes belonging to her sister's husband to equip her; and as her father was then about to go to Cachoeira to dispose of some cottons, she resolved to take the opportunity of riding after him, near enough for protection in case of accident on the road, and far enough off to escape detection. At length being, in sight of Cachoeira, she stopped; and going off the road, equipped herself in male attire, and entered the town. This was on Friday. By Sunday she had managed matters so well, that she had entered the regiment of artillery, and had mounted guard. She was too alight, however, for that service, and exchanged into the infantry, where she now is. She was sent hither, I believe, with despatches, and to be presented to the emperor, who has given her an ensign's commission and the order of the cross, the decoration of which he himself fixed on her jacket.

She is illiterate, but clever. Her understanding is quick, and her perceptions keen. I think, with education she might have been a remarkable person. She is not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners are gentle and cheerful. She has not contracted any thing coarse or vulgar in her camp life, and I believe that no imputation has ever been substantiated against her modesty. One thing is certain, that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer to seek her.

There is nothing very peculiar in her manners at table, excepting that she eats farinha with her eggs at breakfast and her fish at dinner, instead of bread, and smokes a cigar after each meal; but she is very temperate.—*Graham's Voyage to Brazil.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAM.

WALPOLE, when'er he gave away

Pension or post was heard to say,

(With looks austere and hurtful,)

When'er a minister bestows

A place, he makes a thousand foes,

And one, alas! ungrateful.

When * * * ascended Hymen's car,

The argument perhaps too far,

He, like Sir Robert, stretched,

For thus his feelings he expressed,

"Alas! to make one woman bless'd,

I've made a thousand wretched."

MY GRANDMOTHER.

As my grandmother lov'd me most
dearly,

I ask'd her true reason for this,

Why, being allied to her dearly

She never did give me a kiss?

"You saucy young rogue," she then
cried,

"Two natural reasons beat me,

You know very well I have tried,

But—*my long nose and chin* wouldn't
let me." E. B.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

THE Mogul Empire contained near a million of square miles, and seventy millions of inhabitants in the year 1707. The revenues were then above thirty-two millions sterling a year. It is now reduced to about the size of the County of Surrey, with about as much revenue in one year as it received in twelve hours, only little more than a century ago!!!

MATRIMONY.

"My dear, what makes you always
yawn?"

The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,

"Is home so dull and dreary?"

"Not so my love," he said, "Not so;"

"But man and wife are one you know;

"And when alone I'm weary!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F., Alpheus, P. T. W., and several other correspondents shall have a place in our next.

Kiow has been misinformed on the subject to which he asks for an answer.

Received *J. M. C., Q. R., J. D., T. H. Y.,* and *Mary Dove*, whose case we pity, but cannot relieve.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.